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Man at His Best

FEBRUARY 2003



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- › Break Up
- › Travel
- › Get a Raise
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- › Have Sex
- › E-Mail

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Busy Guys:**
The Entire
Issue in
One Page!

Catherine
Zeta-Jones

The Most
Beautiful
Woman on
the Planet

Soldiers
Who Never
Sleep
THE FUTURE
OF WAR

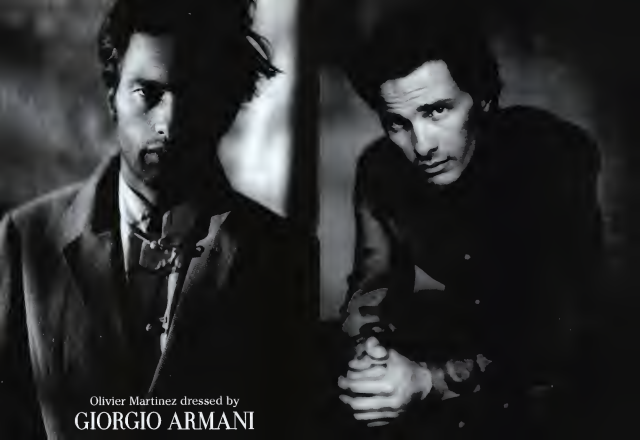
Blame
It on 9/11:
A Murder
Story
BY JOHN H.
RICHARDSON

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Tommy Davis later, when a movie called American Super Sports Book. Actor Paul Rudd provides some of our favorite scenes from the classic movie. **Knicker Style** page 9: Customary knicker shorts and underwear from designer (D&G) by Calvin Klein. Contributor's byline: Bob Dole. See byline below.

Contents

continued from page 7

10 The Sound & the Fury
18 Contributors

19 Man at His Best Things to look forward to in 2003 (No. 8, the first grown man to fall off his Segway): a nonfiction book almost too strange to be true; the best potato chips in America; and **34's Sarah Wynter**

50 The Indie Seven things not to miss in 2003, including a lightning French novel, a high-octane video game, and a high school hoops prodigy

52 The Body Debunking the biggest myths of the cold and the season. (BY JIM STRAIN)

54 Ten Things You Don't Know About Wuthai It's not a science-fiction novel that you should be surprised. (BY KIM MORGAN)

56 Music The Cardigans play a new album in the best thing we've ever all loved since John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (BY JEFF LARSEN)

58 The Screen With Lou Like us today, a movie of his really trumps The Simpsons for family drama. Charlize Theron's interview, an evening for Columbia's new television series, and *Blindness* by James Kennedy & others over. (BY TOM CARROLL)

62 The Game For 10 years, Andre the Football's virtual commissioner C. David Baker has been running a show on how to build a sports league. (BY CHRIS JONES) **6400** How to beat your local Super Bowl

68 Sex What not to do at the wedding of a friend, a sex-villa safari, and how to get her to stop on that couch. (BY FRANKIE BERNARD WOOD)

132 This Way Out The Men and Mrs. G. and the Flax House. (BY BRIAN FRISCH)



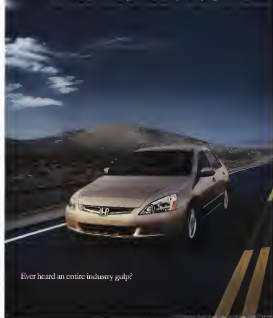
Style

The peaked lapel, in lieu of true and sharp shoulders, coats (**The Guide**, page 45). The most comfortable fabric in hot temperatures is wool, which is why you need to know about the summer-weight suit how it's made, how to pick one, how to wear one (**Close-Up**, page 94). As the slick style captured in *American Gigolo* returns to fashion, actor Paul Rudd reprises Richard Gere's role and shows off the casually luxurious look so memorable from the

film (*Gigolo*, **Revisited**, page 98).

More things a man should know about style: www.esquire.com

Every year we tell them, a car comes along that turns the automobile industry on its head. Inevitably, that car is the *Accord*. It now boasts distinctive European styling, the increased horsepower of an i-VTEC engine, and amenities usually reserved for luxury automobiles. And while that's good news for our buyers, it's anything but for commuters.



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The Sound & the Fury

MOST OF OUR SPECIAL December issue was devoted to celebrating the Best and Brightest, forty-four emerging leaders in society, culture, business, and science. One of our choices—the charismatic young mayor of Baltimore, Martin O'Malley—stirred a particularly large response.

I am a forty-three-year-old conservative Republican Christian, someone perhaps not your typical reader. I just read the article on O'Malley, and wow! I like that guy. I had a great laugh at his controversial speeches, and I had tears in my eyes when I finished reading about his work around the ports. Thanks for highlighting the accomplishments of a hardworking guy who isn't afraid to do what's right. America needs more men like O'Malley.

SCILLA JENSEN
Memphis, Miss.

Thanks so much for taking the time to write O'Malley's up-to-date. The way he "beat it" Baltimore is among the top-notch exploits in the U.S. We also rank high in several two progressive Times are extraordinary, and the city doesn't even offer adequate transportation. True, O'Malley exhibited some of these issues, but he has done little more of note than make public statements about it. And he had every intention of being a one-term mayor and moving on to the governor's post, but was stopped by the Kennedy family and the Democratic party, which promised him support "less on" if he publicly endorsed Kathleen Kennedy Townsend. We count on such positions like you to reach beyond the press releases.

MARK WITTHOLLS
Owens Mills, Md.

I am writing to express my dismay regarding Robert Kasser's Best and Brightest essay used to repudiate his very biased and downright hostile

O'Malley. His deliberate and calculated failure to interview me for this lengthy article, and his reckless reliance on innuendo and poorly sourced leading facts, was clearly for the sake of true journalistic integrity. The result was a self-serving story that sounded more like an inside's account of a sympathetic locker room. I am extraordinarily baffled that while the article reaffirms my failure to prosecute Robert Kasser, a police officer, it also fails to mention that the case was compromised when the lead detective broke into a police officer and made an error in the case. It was my leadership that the mayor's, that created the war-torn and responsible for the indictments that were the subject of the post-conviction case where the gun, heroin, cocaine, and, yes, the "two men" you posed him at were confiscated. I did not see a call of the mayor's criminal justice accomplishments over the past three years. Perhaps they were lost somewhere in the conversation between the busy ride in the airport and the four-in-the-horse-pieces at the gourmet grocery store.

PATRICIA C. JENSEN
BALTIMORE CITY STATE'S ATTORNEY
Baltimore, Md.

Robert Kasser responds: I believe Mr. Jensen has misunderstood my piece. I wrote a profile of a man, Martin O'Malley, whose passion, philosophies, and management style will influence the future of Baltimore. My purpose was to convey the man to the reader. To this end, the particulars of Mr. Jensen's ac-

complishments and the details of her disputes with O'Malley are beside the point. I therefore found no reason to interview her. All the facts in my story were thoroughly reported and checked, and I never lied them.

The CEO

Another of December's Best and Brightest, Tyco's new CEO, Ed Ivers, has been handed the daunting task of cleaning up one of the most notorious and scandal-ridden companies of the New Economy. Writer at large Tom Ivers provided a remarkable portrait of a superlative man of business.

After reading Ivers's profile of Tyco's Ivers, I am convinced that if anyone can turn Tyco around, he can. With research, a staff, and a carefully written, Ivers's piece paints a vivid picture of what makes Ivers tick. The insightful portrayal of the man at the top is a must-read for all students of business and corporate America.

JOAN E. DEWEENE
New York, N.Y.

The Clinton Effect

The introduction to our Best and Brightest issue was written by former president Bill Clinton, who eight years ago was recognized as a promising young leader in a similar issue of *Esquire*, which celebrated "The Best of a New Generation" (December 1984).

As usual, I thoroughly enjoyed the letter home with its mix of light and serious articles, the essays by people with



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David Granger

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Contributors

In "Not Guilty by Reason of Afghanistan" (page 68), writer **ETHEL JONES** H. RICHARDSON reports on one of the most bizarre trials in his life after the September 11 terrorist attacks. In October 2001, Richardson was arrested for the presumed murder and dismemberment of his business partner, Afghan Samaritan award winner. For five years, the two men had been collaborating on a film about Afghan immigrants living in the United States. Powell contends that after September 11, he became paranoid and suspicious of all Muslims and was convinced that Wilson was working for the Taliban and wanted to kill his family. Justice will consider his plea this spring. Although Powell has admitted to the crime, Richardson chronicles in his new book the first six and a half years of his post-traumatic stress from the "war" with a criminal. "It is easy to just say that Nathan Powell is a monster and look away. There's more to this story," says Richardson. "After September 11, I think we all went kind of crazy. I think God made us crazy as crazy as Nathan Powell."



While contributing editor **BUCKY HICKMAN** has been on many wild adventures for this magazine, his latest assignment was one right out of his dreams. Literally. For "Adventures in My Land" (page 102), Hickman traveled to silent Hawaii. In early November for the "Dancing and Awakening" seminar, where sleep-chronic pioneer Stephen LaBerge lectured on how to experience lucid dreaming, a state of consciousness in which a person remains fully awake while in a dream and learns to guide it. Lucid dreaming is often used in therapy to overcome phobias, nightmares, and anxiety, or simply to have more sex in dreams. "It is something that I've been able to do very briefly in the past, but only during the last seconds before I wake up," says Hickman. "But I had one recently when I was popping to what looked like my neighbor, and he ended up being a real person. I was popping to what I was popping to, and just for the hell of it, I decided to toke myself up into space. That seemed to be the thing to do. I knew just like The Matrix."

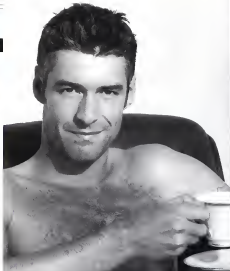


KURT ANDERSEN is the author of the acclaimed novel *Turn of the Century* and is the host of public radio's *Studio 360*. He was one of the founding editors of *Symposium*, he has written for *Time* and *The New Yorker* and he edited *New York magazine* from 1996 to 2001. He was also one of the founders of the new media business *Inside.com*. His byline recently appeared in *Details* magazine. We wish we could say that Mr. Andersen bore some relation to the "Kurt Andersen" who authored this year's edition of *Details*. Admittedly, he does not, though we would have welcomed his contributions.



For our cover shot of the lovely Catherine Zeta-Jones, *Details*' photographer **BLAKE KROM** set up shop in an old house in downtown Toronto. At the time of the shoot, Zeta-Jones was three months pregnant, which (he reckoned) is a challenge. A lot of women might have found it uncomfortable being photographed for the cover of a magazine while pregnant, says Krom, but that wasn't the case with Zeta-Jones. "She was so beautiful, relaxed and at ease about her body in that stage of her pregnancy," says Krom. "I knew that *New York* in previous centuries. I think most photographs of her are too static, as if she's always with her in this grand posture. I wanted to make her look more intimate, rather than Catherine the Great. I think we achieved that."

This month, we're proud to introduce our new columnist: the hilarious and scintillating **STACEY GIBBONCK WOODS**. Each issue, Woods, who is also a writer for *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart, will take you and our favorite writers and actors to her with her authority and candor. While it's true that she's a smart, beautiful woman who spends her nights in a keyboard smorgasbord of variants and (chapters) of it's smart you're looking for in her column, she admits you to keep flipping. "Lastly, when you're on read a woman talking about how it's just a shock value," says Woods. "This column is about information presented in a useful and funny way, not about how many employees I have for being. Oh, I'll talk dirty to the slaughterhouse as you can, but not just to shock you. Here you learn things." (This month's column is on page 68.)



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You'll need a beer

To go with those chips, try to include regional local brews, from Delaware's Dogfish Head Craft Brewery. Daring brewers, Dogfish provides a cornucopia of Pacific Northwest hops through outside-to-market beer. The result is perhaps the best in America, with a mild blurring explosion of flavor and a 9 percent alcohol content. www.dogfish.com. —KIM J. BREWER



Man at His Best Food and Drink



1. TWIN CASCADE STYLE CRACKED PEPPER CORN



2. KITCHEN-COOKED ORIGINAL



3. OLD DUTCH 'OUTEN' CRUNCH MITSUMITE BBQ



4. OLD VIENNA RED HOT PEPPERS



5. ZAPP'S CAJUN CRAWFISH



6. ROUTE 111 MAMA ZUMA'S REVENGE



7. GRIBBLE'S



8. UTZ 'THE CRAP CHIP'

The Best Potato Chips You've Never Tasted

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF WOMEN in the world, the sweet and the sexy. I represent the latter. Every day I pass up opportunities for a hot guy of the week. Lamenting Sunday, especially Super Sunday. For this year's Super Bowl party, I've decided to ignore the big boards in favor of America's finest "tasties" chips, which you can mail-order. And just in case you're in a betting mood, we've listed the odds that you'll receive the best bag—those are the best bag of the season, and I'm not kidding. In the corner, it's a long shot.

—FRANCINE MARGOLIN

1. TWIN CASCADE STYLE CRACKED PEPPER CORN (LAUREN, WASHINGTON) This, almost surely, will be a favorite of epicure under the pepper into an outstanding crunch. During manufacturing, a precise seasoning device injects each chip with a light coating of pepper. Not dark, too oily, or too much (perfect for coffee break). **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Twin cascade is a long shot.

2. KITCHEN-COOKED ORIGINAL (KAMRON, MINNESOTA) These are perfect for a hot date with a hot date. They're almost too beautiful to eat with a hot date. They're almost too beautiful to eat with a hot date. They're almost too beautiful to eat with a hot date. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Kitchen-cooked is a long shot.

3. OLD DUTCH 'OUTEN' CRUNCH MITSUMITE BBQ (ST. PAUL) These are perfect for a hot date with a hot date. They're almost too beautiful to eat with a hot date. They're almost too beautiful to eat with a hot date. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Old Dutch is a long shot.

4. OLD VIENNA RED HOT PEPPERS (ST. LOUIS) The "Best of America" award, "with a twist." These are the best. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 4 TO 1.** Though highly dependent on the mouth-cooling properties of your beverage, red hot is a long shot.

5. ZAPP'S CAJUN CRAWFISH (SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA) These are the best. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Though highly dependent on the mouth-cooling properties of your beverage, red hot is a long shot.

6. ROUTE 111 MAMA ZUMA'S REVENGE (SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA) These are the best. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Though highly dependent on the mouth-cooling properties of your beverage, red hot is a long shot.

7. GRIBBLE'S (SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA) These are the best. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Though highly dependent on the mouth-cooling properties of your beverage, red hot is a long shot.

8. UTZ 'THE CRAP CHIP' (KAMRON, MINNESOTA) These are the best. **ODDS YOU'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG: 10 TO 1.** Though highly dependent on the mouth-cooling properties of your beverage, red hot is a long shot.

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Rule No. 106: A superhero is a good thing. It also needs to cover a handful. That is the only time it's outside is a good thing. **Rule No. 107:** There is nothing worse than a white guy who claims to be a Native American.

At His Best The List



34 Reasons to Be Optimistic About 2003

1. **Wu hound!** Eddie Ifft's *Beavis and Butt-Head* is back, and it's better than ever. (It's also known as the 10th anniversary of the show.)
2. **The continuing existence of the Internet.** It's a good thing.
3. **Iron Man is back.** The new movie is a masterpiece.
4. **Barney Johnson is back.** The new movie is a masterpiece.
5. **The new line of Disney Channel.** It's a good thing.
6. **The sight of the last grown man riding a roller coaster to work.**
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While these days it's all Kevlar can do to get wilefty bag around that girln back in the 50s he cut a perfect figure in a wylet-breasted peaked tanel just lach



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Thereafter, the police and soldiers of the army stayed at the barracks and did not go to the streets. The army was not allowed to go to the streets and the police were not allowed to go to the streets. The army was not allowed to go to the streets and the police were not allowed to go to the streets. The army was not allowed to go to the streets and the police were not allowed to go to the streets.

(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

BY SARA MOHAN

1. Don't ask us what time it is. When was the last time you approached a gorgeous girl with the old "Do you have the time?" line and she responded with, "It's two thirty" . . . and, by the way, are you free for dinner?"

2. Never follow us. Unless you are a dog.

3. Eye contact should last exactly 0.28 seconds. The quickest glance is the most effective. Treat us like the sun during a solar eclipse.

4. We're always chilly. Take your jacket off and delicately wrap it around our shoulders. But watch it. Don't plan, for even a second, on using your arms, mister.

5. We hate it when you are late. If you're late, it's over before it began.

6. Never ask us to your place on the first date. We don't know you from Ted Bundy, and even if your intentions are pure, we'll think you just want to have sex.

7. Don't try to seduce us with a trip. You're going to Heaven next week for a three-day seminar? If you're thinking about inviting us, forget it. The offer alone scares the bejesus out of us.

8. Pick the weirdest part of our body and compliment it. The left elbow, the forehead, shins. Just be creative.

9. Conversely, pick the most obvious part of our beauty and forget about it. Men who compliment our eyes should be taken out back and flogged by a fat fugleman dog trainer.

10. We're worth the effort. What else needs to be said?



SARA MOHAN is a model and aspiring actress. She will be starring in the Fox Broadcasting Show, which begins production this year.

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THE SCREEN BY TOM CARSON



This cannibal, Jennifer Garner's dark, messy, uncontrollable agent Glin

The Sopranos have passed on. **Alias**, with Lena Olin channeling Hannibal Lecter, deserves another look.

Shades—can't help going for Allen's approved way.

Long before Glen turned up, nothing but high security and so many eyes on the princess had better keep his nose clean. Sydney Bristow, Glin's character, had more sense than a shot of *Psychology Today*, starting with the fact that her name sounds like some thing you'd find under "Enemas" on a fancy-schmancy menu. In partnership with her CIA agent dad (Tommy Lister Jr.), whose heady eyes keep niggling his belief that *The Go-Go's* are the *Week End* on a small scale, she's been advising the nascent SD-2 organization, which this season—after the *Avengers* line, *Superman* is the first big step—goes on villainous leave, covertly, as the Alliance.

SD-2, which may well be the enhancement of *Vietnam's Secret*, is headed by Anne-Sophie Glen Bristow, a good sister destined to keep half of America convinced that *Winter Goggles* is looking remarkably good, whose plan only momentarily takes her out of her own dressing Sydney up as a high-tech foxy and juggling her various world capitals to fiddle with her before something blows up. What with the whole multiple-layered thing, our girl looks fairly twisted. But it could be that she's just suffering from a case of jet lag that could dole on an astronaut.

Bridget's assignment was successful enough to make her Phil's best friend, a big-eyed officer with a big eye.

The Q & A The Hoffman Brothers



Hollywood's turning into one big brotherhood—the Coens, the Weitzes, the Wes Andersons, and now the Hoffmans. Love 'em, a brotherhood is a new world in producing, adding writers by double brotherhood and starting his brother Philip's *Sopranos* Hellman shows both brothers wrap him. Explore on the duo down to find out more. —JIM JACOBS

EQ: All characters are partly autobiographical. Did you, Philip, feel like you were playing George?

PHILIP: I already have a lot of his characteristics, personality, when I hear myself. It sounds like my brain or we both talk out of the sides of our mouths all the time.

EQ: George, how do you think Philip did?

GEORGE: Great. Philip has the capacity to tell history from the vantage point of a hero. People say he's one of the best character actors, what's the fucking matter? A good character actor makes a better leading man. The only reason we know they wait is because they're scared they'll disrupt the movie. You can never see the guy going back to playing a small part, you know?

PHILIP: You're right. I thought, very soon.

EQ: Half-joke, but for now, what's George's right before this fucking interview?

PHILIP: No, we heard that kind of dumb you down. I just wanted what I might be like.

EQ: Are there any perks to working together?

GEORGE: At a film festival in Rochester, New York, the deputy mayor declared a Hoffman Brothers Day. Philip: But they told us at the 10th at night, so it wasn't that great.

GEORGE: Yeah, we only had an hour to do the town.



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THE GAME

Specialist books of the last few years have also been published, such as *Handbook of the History of the Book* by J. B. Harley (1990) and *The Book of the Book* by J. B. Harley and E. Rieu (1997).

BY CHRIS JONES

8 Ways to Build a Better League—Why We Love Arena Football

count last season. Even better, at the league's Madison Avenue headquarters, Baker's perch has let, oh, growth in plans. The AFL front-office director has expanded last couple years' fresh-faced recruits, all of whom look to though don't've been drinking their milk.

Yeah, the common idea change doesn't mean thinking, the side effect of a long applied for Congress that ended in failed scandal, scuttling a political career that now has become the young grow-over master of Irvine, California. He turned in law, then to arena football—where chief—and now let's living large in his corner office, holding his plans for global domination behind an awful lot of analytics and those 437 pounds.

"The NFL hired their costume designer by finding the most outgoing guy they could," says Baker, leaning over his desk like a well-colored omamori. "The AFL went by size. And I beat out the other guy by a box of gilly doughnuts." That, and a ton of smears.

2 Sign a deal with the devil (NBC)
Offer Here's where the smarties come in: Recognize that NBC, having lost the NFL to its rivals, everybody else, is in a tender state. Offer to become its dearest partner for life, starting this month. Sweeten that offer by breaking old ground and news—namely by demonstrating how the new-media tools can still airpots (and shake heaven) at a profit.

How easily? Estimate up-front rights fees, like the \$25 billion that will be tossed into Paul Tagliabue's pot through 2005. Instead, split ad revenue 50p-50p. Give the network. [continued on page 66]

SPORTS WEAR



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—JOHN S. GUARINO

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(THE ANNOTATED MAN: C. David Baker)

Commissioner, Arena Football League, 49



The all-in-one 22-ton unit, manufactured by the NFL, has the only difference: "The logo and two-tone interior," Silver says. "Of which there is no sign to find further. Our is closed to me."

The baddest hitters living here than Herman Munster I was a rebounder, took more layups. I played with Gil Austin and lots of other guys. I've been hit by the best of the best."

Appropriate height of
H&A commissioner
need state

Onenavoli: "I love my job. I love the people I work with. Sports is a business where you still inspiration and chasing—and every once in a while, some magic. The NFL is so exciting because it's building what was still to be a world central back in the days between Luther and Sunday and Babe Ruth. It's just like this."

Bayer's profile will, which contains roughly the same number of ingredients as Bud Selig's contract.

This bag of seat cushions tops \$13,000 to \$16,000 in quarterly inflates per year. "When I had my car back up for negotiation, it paid off for first class air travel when I walk on a plane, people see me coming and say that I don't sit next to them."

The currentist needs
just two hours to
sleep per night. "I
use Hooters for
Balls and Dick Cole
to keep me awake,"
he says. "There is the
NFL, we say that we
can sleep where
we like."

THE EASTERN
- 1970-1971
- 1972-1973
- 1974-1975

Baker tips the scales at 460 pounds. "I try to work out," he says. "When I walk to McDonald's, it's a workout, right?"

Those hands are big, aren't they? I can palm two baseballs, but that's not really saying much. I don't know how to tell you how big. Just hit."

Six-foot nine inches, "I drive a Corvette convertible." Eaker says, "I probably shouldn't be crissin' it, but cause I don't sit. My head sticks out."

turns knee from junior year injury at the University of California at Irvine, where Baker played center for the Americans.

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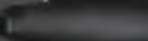
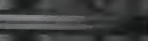
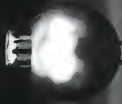
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"It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues."





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{ Catherine Zeta-Jones has three names, two long legs, one big voice, and a world at her feet. And she was a star long before she was anything else. }
BY MIKE SAGER // PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY MARC HORN

BLACK PELICULT WITH TINTED WINDOWS passed along a narrow, winding road on the south shore of the cove, following unopposed behind a mass of pulsating marine moss and a lacy red mistlewood—an impressive canopy rising at a stately twenty-five miles per hour past old stone walls, gracefully curved palm trees, and pines of several heights.

Turning right into a private drive, the Peugeot passed up a steep incline onto the manicured grounds of the Anel Sands resort. The first British subject washed upon the shores of this island nearly four hundred years ago, the victims of a shipwreck. British legend arriving in 1612, among the earliest was a man from Norfolk: an island named Dill. In time, Dillie would come to two most of the parish of Devonshire, just under two square miles, one south of the island. These days, the island is a haven for tourism and off-shore banking. There is no income tax, houses sell regularly for \$40 million. Listed on the phone book are many famous local Dills. Many of them are black or white, the children of former slaves who took their owner's name upon emancipation.

The Peugeot climbed the hill, pulled down and around the circular drive way. It came to a stop at the front porch of the previous civil building that serves as the main house of the resort, referred to hereafter as a "cottage colony"—a full-service hotel and spa spread over four acres of a beachfront that was once a cedar forest. In 1994, after a *Order of the Night* and a baronetcy awarded the forest, the land was cleared and Anel Sands was built by Sir Rupert Dill, a prominent lawyer. He named his place for the spirit in the temple, which Shakespeare is said to have based on a daydream of himself.

The manager and the bellman tumbled out through the double doors, followed closely by a number of other employees, all of whom just happened to have been engaged in press photographs in the vicinity of the lobby. The driver's door (the right side) of the Peugeot opened. Out stepped the latest in a long line of wealthy and powerful Dills, the one certainly the most universally known, the nephew of Sir Bayard Dill, the son of Diana Dill Douglas Dill.

Being to his full height, Michael Douglas appeared handsome and self-assured, almost royally exact, every inch the character he has played over the years—the president, the master of the

universe, the drug czar. His hair was thick. His clothes were remarkably crisp despite the heat and humidity. His chin was unmovable, held high like a slight grin, the same drooping chin as his father's. During their youth, Michael and his brother assumed to Anel Sands. Now Michael is the majority shareholder. He also owns a 300-year-old estate nearby, the residence of which is elegant. Pictures of him with celebrity friends—Jack Nicholson, Glenn Close, Susan Sarandon—adorn the guest list.

The bellman opened the passenger door of the Peugeot. A hand emerged. It was painted and graceful, with skin the color of alabaster. On the ring finger was a two-carat diamond. The bellman hesitated a moment, transfixed. It was a perfect specimen, exceedingly large yet still beautiful, a horizontal marquise cut in a vintage platinum setting. It sparkled in the sunlight. At last, the bellman collected himself. He took hold of the hand. He nudged.

Gracing a bit with effort, Catherine Zeta-Jones emerged from the passenger seat. Zeta (pronounced Zoro) is a mere six years with her forty-seven-year-old grandfather, who himself was named for a three-masted bark to which her own father had taken a fancy. Despite the weather, she was dressed in shimmering black. The blouse had lucky perlous skin cut into the sleeves. The dress brought to mind that scene in *The Matrix* in which Antonio Banderas undressed her so expertly with his eyes. Unlike her character, Catherine was now quite obviously pregnant, about three months along with her second child. Her trademark mane of moss hair was pinned up happily. She raised the hand with the diamond upon her swollen belly. She placed the other hand on her lower back, the way pregnant women do.

"Hello!" I called. I was ten feet behind the car, on her side, maintaining what seemed like a respectful distance. Catherine pivoted and looked me over warily. She cut her eyes to Michael. He looked me over, too, and did the manager. "You from the magazine?" I said, waving a key little wave.

Everyone smiled now, and Catherine turned toward me, peering at the wipers of the small van of an employee who'd gathered around to greet her and which had formed a welcoming circle. Her best eyes—the eyes of a baby doll, the kind that close when you lay it down to sleep—narrowed beautifully. She offered her right hand, the way without the ring. "It is a pleasure to meet you," she said. Her voice was mellow in the way of the Welsh.

Twenty feet away, on the other side of the car, Michael nodded back on his heels, put his hands on his hips like you see him do in the movies. He nodded his head to the side, and then he pointed to me. It was a royal sort of gesture, one figure said. "The idea to my girl," he murmured.

HAVING FINISHED OUR LUNCH—crisp burgers and crisp french fries—Catherine said I should join a pair of white-washed chairs on the porch of a pink-stucco cottage on the east of the hill. The sun was bright, the air was redolent of salt and earth and flowers. Two flags sag in the underbrush.

Every morning for months, I had endeavored to her in large newspaper ads for a telecom company, in the envelope came the

"WHEN MY FATHER AND MICHAEL FIRST MET, HE SAID TO MICHAEL, 'WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH MY DAUGHTER IN SPAIN AND SHE'S TOPLESS?'"

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ads on TV. The American Academy of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery—citing her “short delicate jaw with small chin and nose” and her “brash lips, well-developed cheekbones and prominent eyes”—had named her its “ideal face of femininity.” Her new film, *Chicago*—an adaptation of the Bob Fosse musical—was about to open, and it was already being touted by *Variety* as its Oscar contender. Yet she was virtually unknown in America before the release of *Zorro* in 1940. It was as if she had appeared suddenly, like Venus herself, fully formed as a superstar.

“Lots of people think you won the lottery,” I heard myself say. “It’s like you married into Hollywood royalty.” She looked at me blankly. She stared. “People think I came over on the boat with *Zorro*?”

“I STARTED DANCE LESSONS AT AGE FOUR,” she began, mixing the clip out of her hair, regathering it. Her skin glowed. According to one report, she rubs a mixture of honey and salt all over her body to moisturize and exfoliate. “I was always singing and dancing and performing. Obviously, it was a show-off thing. I was a bit of a clown. I liked to make my dad laugh. I was Little Miss Showbiz, you know? Anything to get a laugh or a bit of attention.”

“School would end, and I’d come home, do my homework, eat something, go to dance class, go to rehearsals. But it never felt like a chore. I loved it. I always wanted more. It’s like somebody who’s a great swimmer. I think I just knew that I was good at this all that’s what I wanted to do. My parents weren’t stage parents. I didn’t need someone to get me a pretty dress and wash all the wiggs and all that. ‘Okay, baby, go out there and smile.’ I knew on my own that I had to smile. When I was eleven, I won the British national youth dance championships.”

“The first time I got paid, I did *Avenue* in the West End. It was four hours by train from Middlesbrough, the little fishing village where I grew up in South Wales. It was grand—the Victoria Palace Theatre, and me being in a flat with all the other kids and two chaperones. I grew up pretty quiet—twelve going on twenty-two. It was heady as hell. I had responsibilities, you know? I had to do my schooling. I had to run up at the theater on time and remember my lines. Right shows a week. We were all the next kid’s one-track mind kids, all of us dreaming about being stars someday. We were the country’s best child performers. And, boy, did we know it! We were like Gene Kelly, you know?”

And here she spread her arms dramatically and lifted her chin and sang: “Go to daaaaance!”

The sound was surprisingly rich and full, belied even from the get-go, just this side of Kiki Merriam. I may have been a valiant shouter, she looked at me and smirked, as if to say, Take that.

“My dancing broke down when I was an adult. I was fifteen I had quit school. You can’t be a child actress for so long. I went from being the lead to literally queuing up like a cattle market to get in condition for the shows. But I was very focused. Performing was my life. I was very athletic, dance-like, strong. I had really big hair—a bit of the of French-Breton going on. You should. I was liv-

ing with a single mom who had been one of my tutors. For somebody who had been away from home for so long, there was still something very innocent about me. I wasn’t chasing boys. I wasn’t aware of attraction as seduction as anything like that. In my mind, I would still be chasing her dreams. I was a chorale, a chorus girl. And I was the second understudy to the lead.”

She passed a moment and looked out toward the horizon. “The wind had kicked up. The ocean was frothy with whitecaps.”

“One night,” she continued, “the lead girl hurt her knee. The first understudy was on holiday in Greece with her boyfriend, on the west coast of Africa. They came to me in the afternoon and said I was going on that night. I was like ‘and here she sang out again—’ ‘This is my moment!’”

“It was like my life was the moment and this was my big moment. As it turned out, David Merrick, the producer, was on the subcommittee that night. He liked me. He gave me the lead.”

I looked at her and she shrugged.

“It sounds like I made it up. I know, but it’s true. I played Peggy Sawyer for three years, right shows a week. By the time I turned nineteen, I was ready to skip up my dance shoes.”

THE WAITER CAME AND GOT THE DISHES. He was very happy to see her. Last Christmas, Michael and Catherine arranged for her parents to sit front center at the Love It Again Broadway. He poured her a glass of warm bubbly water. Claudia began to giggle in the middle distance. By nightfall there would be shorter Catherine elevated her feet. Her white boots were a dainty purple-black, peaty-toed with flat little heels. She wriggled them.

“The *Darling* kids of *Oliver* was one of the most successful British TV shows of all time,” she said. “The entire cast went on tour. It started its run right after the Gulf war and I think it was just a breath of fresh air for the country. It was set in the fifties, it had a nostalgia soul. It was basically a show about a larger-than-life family who do dirty jobs, who drink and eat and have sex. I was Mary, the eldest daughter of six kids. She was the one-foot-six-foot-five, big, big bones, 1950s dresses, red lipstick. In everything around in jolligues and high heels—you can imagine. But I was very innocent and charming at the same time. And everyone always said that everything was ‘perfect.’ That was the punchline of the show. Perfect! They would give the point after three years when I have more personality. ‘Perfect’ to me on the street, I’d have been ‘on my own.’”

“I was very popular with the kids. Most of all, I was a good dancer. I felt blessed. Everywhere I went, there were paparazzi peeping out of the bushes. One time they rigged video cameras outside my front door. Not long before Princess Diana was killed, the paparazzi were like *chasing on motorbikes*, and I wrapped my little Nanda Mita around a longpost. I could go on and on about the little things. I’ll just leave it at that.”

“And then,” I interrupted, “there were those well-publicized affairs with—”

“Oh, look!” She clasped her hands before her in delight. “There’s my baby!” she said, clapping like a mother (continued on page 100)





How to
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to Be a
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WANT THE HURRIED

You're so fuckin' busy. We know. You need to do, too. (We know. But don't worry. We can help. Here's how. By Bruce Schneier, A.J. Jacobs & Andy Ward. Estimated reading time for this article is 10 minutes. (Use tips in the reading section, one to four minutes.)

How
to Watch
TV Faster

HOW TO EAT IN A
RESTAURANT FASTER

How to
Get
Guests to
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How to
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with a
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JOB FASTER

THEY WERE CAPTIVES, Javed and Nathan, both pulled out of the rubble and taken to a hospital in America. They showed the marks and symptoms of torture. Nathan was taken to the hospital and Javed's remains were buried in a cemetery.



This much is certain:

On the night of October 3 of the year 2000, a man named Nathan Powell brutally killed a man named Javed Waseel. The causes of death noted by the coroner included two stab wounds in Javed's back and signs of "blunt force trauma" that included broken facial bones and an "eggshell type" fracture of his skull. The coroner's job was complicated because he was working from fragments. As he stated in his report, speaking in the eternal present tense of distortion, "body parts are recovered separately and these consist of a torso, a severed head, and dismembered upper and lower extremities." The pieces of Javed Waseel arrived in various bags and boxes. The torso was in Box 1, Bag A. In Box 2, Bag B, the coroner found "a dismembered lower extremity including leg, lower leg, and foot." In Bag D of the same box, he found bloodstained bath towels and socks and a V-neck pullover shirt of the Club Mamas brand, along with a segment of blue hickory blade with bone tissue still adhering to the tooth. In this box he also found sponges, paper towels, a T-shirt pad, and one bloodstained hand towel "with a Christmas holiday pattern." Javed's head arrived in a refrigerator drawer "The bony portion of the neck is transected through the body of the fourth cervical vertebra. The right arm is dismembered by incision of the skin and soft tissues including muscle, tendon, nerve, and blood vessels." Sectioning of the brain reveals typical distribution of gray and white matter and deep cortical structures. These things are true. They are solid. The ventricles of Javed's brain were not dilated. His cerebellum, pons, medulla, and brain stem were all "unremarkable," which is the word scientists like to use because normal is too vague and easy to dispute. His parietal soft tissues were unremarkable. The endocranium of his heart was unremarkable. His aorta was unremarkable and his venae cavae were unremarkable and his pulmonary vasculature was also unremarkable. And that is all I can tell you that is certain and solid.

This is history for our time, dark and violent and complicated almost beyond understanding. In one version of the story, the Twin Towers fell and rained a cloud of mud and gunpowder that smothered Nathan Powell, a man with a young daughter and no criminal record, off on his own personal war on terrorism. He was mis- as act of senseless murder that makes sense to him, which has both severe legal implications in terms of his motives and no larger implications in terms of the horror all around us. In the second version there's little sense and no point in gauding over it. There's nothing but greed and cunning and a monstrous attempt to use the falling towers to blame the victim, and Javed

Waseel is the first casualty of a proxy war. Either way, Nathan Powell has pleaded not guilty by reason of temporary insanity, and the difficult task behind his terrible crime becomes a warning sign of the world we entered on September 11, 2001.

First, Nathan Powell's version of the story. This is how he has told it to the public, to his lawyers, to several psychologists, and to a polygraph examiner. He is a violent and not insensitive man. Although some versions are more detailed than others, the essential story has lived little life. In 1998, after a troubled childhood, a couple of failed rela-

tionships, and a few visits at studying film at Columbia and Hunter College, Nathan was thirty-three and living in New York when he started working with an Afghan immigrant named Javed Waseel on a film called *Redemption*. He was the producer and Javed was the writer and director and they split their deal down the middle, fifty-fifty. In 1999, Javed went to Afghanistan and came back with stories of fighting against the Taliban with the Northern Alliance. Nathan says he saw pictures of Javed with an AK-47 and also heard Javed making anti-American declarations—that the U.S. was responsible for the suffering in Afghanistan because it would recognize against the Afghan rebels against the Soviet Union but then discovered them, so that the U.S. didn't care about Afghans as much as an ally pulled through. Unbelievable. But Nathan didn't give much thought because that kind of talk was typical in army circles, and anyway he'd heard the same kind of thing many times from his father, always playing someone who worshipped Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie.

In 1999, Nathan and Javed went to Washington, D.C., to meet about their film and immediately ran into many troubles, such as a huge lawsuit over a law on the script that suggested that one of the characters in the movie might not be a virgin. This

ruined the picture, who argued that the movie should say "something positive" about the Taliban. Nathan couldn't be there. What was going on here? Javed had always said he opposed the Taliban, but maybe it had all been a hoax? He and what about Javed's treating at this fight school in Florida? Why didn't Nathan ever actually become a pilot?

Over the next few weeks, Nathan couldn't sleep or tell us to visit nightmares. He stopped taking risks because he thought the cabdriver might be someone. He made plans to leave the city, but he didn't tell people because he was afraid they'd think he was crazy.

All through this, Javed was pushing him to use the studio to promote *Redemption*. At first he thought it was a horrible idea, but as a writer named Tim Kinsman suggested, he was still so emotionally invested in the movie himself that he was seen to 60 Minutes, 20/20, and the New York Daily News. When the Daily News asked to interview Javed, Nathan also used an ultimatum: denounce the Taliban or else I'll tell the creators the kinds of things you've been saying about America and the CIA. Javed said he didn't want to say anything "political." They must have argued for fifty minutes.

In November 2000, Javed mentioned that his contacts had offered to arrange an interview with Osama bin Laden. When Nathan told a friend about this, the man offered to pose as a journalist and kill bin Laden. Nathan tried to contact the CIA through an acquaintance, who brushed him off.

led to general threats and a lot of talk about how killing the right amount of weapons might be a family's name with Javed around that time, the last scene was replaced with Nathan Zaher, who had trained to be a pilot in a flight school in Florida. And members of a Taliban delegation to Washington stayed at the house of one of the Afghans supporting the production, sharing quarters with a couple of crew members.

In November 2000, Javed mentioned that his contacts in northern Afghanistan had offered to arrange an interview with Osama bin Laden. When Nathan told another friend about this, the man offered to pose as a journalist and kill bin Laden, so Nathan tried to contact the CIA through an acquaintance named Matt Prince, who brushed him off.

In June 2001, Nathan and Javed attended a meeting with another *Redemption* producer named Kate Wadd, and Javed told them that he was going to Afghanistan to make a documentary and please call to tell anyone where he was going. When he came back six weeks later, he was limping and wouldn't answer any questions.

Then the planes hit the Twin Towers. Nathan had a clear view of the whole thing from the window of his last job across the East River, sitting there with his wife and their four-year-old daughter. At one point he used binoculars and saw a person jump. Then he talked to Javed on the phone and Javed said America was finally getting a taste of its own medicine.

On TV, Nathan saw pictures of Arabs in Jersey City celebrating the attacks. The next day, he says, he saw some Arabs on his own street pumping their fists and cheering. A few days later he went to Javed's house and found Javed watching the news with Bin Laden and his sister, Wafa Zaher-Rahman, who was Javed's assistant director. When they started playing at the screen and "the jumping scene" disappeared in Florida, it made him suspicious. What were they hiding? Then Javed and the CIA man had organized the attacks to provoke a war and had set the Washington back administration. Later there was a startling meeting with Javed and a man.

And finally things kept happening. One day six agents from the Drug Enforcement Administration appeared at Nathan's door and asked to watch the film of the meeting because they should have told. Nathan watched three answering phones. Another day, four police officers showed up to police work, saying they had gotten a 911 call. At night Nathan dreamed of poisonous gas and horror people who arrested without making a sound.

On September 10, saying he was afraid for their safety, he put his wife and daughter on a plane to Seattle.

On the morning of October 3, Javed called to see the Daily News article had come out. Sixth-grade for the best, Nathan said, and bought a stack of papers, but there was just one line about the Taliban: "killing 30 million to 50 million people tonight" and another saying that *Redemption* "couldn't have been made anywhere else but in America" before Javed called it all by saying that the Afghan war "means... for the Americans."

As around as that night, Nathan saw Javed in the subway station, and out of the blue Javed mentioned an idea for a movie about an honor killing. Then Javed asked what Osama bin Laden would do to Nathan if he knew about the plot to kill him by going to a journalist—and suddenly Nathan realized that at Qande had killed the Russian Northern Alliance leader Ahmad Shah Massoud exactly the same way Javed must have given them the idea! So it was true—Javed was in league with the Taliban!

By the time they got to Nathan's last and Javed pulled a contract out of his backpack, telling him that since they'd been discussing so much, it was time for him to take over the film. Nathan was already on the brink of leaving control. He said he'd never seen, they'd be the same person and he would never see the light of day, and Javed remained with the first film that pushed Nathan over the edge "With nine phone calls or one text, you'll have a family." And Nathan said what he felt he had to do—what any good husband and father and parent would have done if he had walked in his shoes for the last month through the heat of all these vaporous buildings and people.

JAWED RECENTLY FRIENDLY SAYS THAT HE WAS AN ENTHUSIAST. Most would-be terrorists would believe that act was the best way to "show the people of America and the world." Any suggestion that he would have made the United States or support the Taliban is beyond imagining.



Alphonse Powell, a writer
and the author of

"Fue Dancer"

Alphonse Powell
The Park Cinema
Before the
trial

The Park Cinema

Before the
trial

Klein doesn't seem to have been lying when he said that Nathan didn't specifically mention the World Trade Center as the Pentagon. And the statement Nathan signed the next morning does arrive the dispute exclusively to business: "Our relationship had deteriorated but I had to stay around him or I wouldn't get my money." Was it there anything in the statement about the Taliban or honor killing or 9/11. Nor did any of these details appear in the supplementary documents prepared by detectives called "Good Statements of Nathan Powell." How do they appear in notes Cereghino made during the interrogation?

But Nathan didn't actually write his official statement. It was prepared for his signature by Detective McHugh, and the notes McHugh made that evening show that he left a lot of "Indian project—Alphonse Nathan outsider. Family sends letters Summer 2000—Alphonse Nathan—interview in New London WTC—increased problems Jawed—CIA's responsible. Jawed—3 dead, thought rate—Alphonse supporter"

During Cereghino's testimony at the preliminary hearing, more incriminating details surfaced. Yes, Nathan told them

It turns out that the prosecutor was
Jawed was a Taliban sympathizer,
very un-patriotic statements. Nathan
trip to Afghanistan just before the 9/11

that Jawed was a Taliban sympathizer. Yes, he said that he and Jawed had discussed a plot to kill Osama bin Laden. Yes, he said that Jawed had "made some very un-patriotic statements." Yes, Nathan told them that Jawed had made a trip to Afghanistan just before the 9/11 attacks.

And even if it checks out, Jawed did go to Afghanistan that fatal summer. But what did he do at a flight school in Florida. And there seems to be some truth to the Osama bin Laden story too. Several of Nathan's friends remember him talking about it at the time. So does Marc Palmer, a lawyer and building inspector who is not his friend. Palmer is still at it, but he eventually said that he had retired after a while. He was not a fan of the CIA, and there was a day about a year before the murder when Nathan came over to his house to show him a trailer of *Fue Dancer* and told some complicated story about someone the government or the mob was after. "There were some weird machinations that he wanted me to get involved in. I don't recall much because it got very convoluted so I sort of blinked it out."

This is the problem: Nathan faces a charge of second-degree murder, which in New York is applied in cases of deliberate intentional killing or killing with depraved indifference. To defend against that charge, Nathan's strategy—a strategy advised of William Kanfer's named Tim Lantz—would have to prove that Nathan acted "under the influence of extreme emotional disturbance for which there was an explanation or excuse, the reasonableness of which is to be determined from the viewpoint of a person in the defendant's situation under the circumstances as the defendant believed them to be."

This means that Nathan's case really hangs on one thing: Was he really and truly afraid of Jawed in the moment that he killed him?

Lantz argues logic: If Nathan had planned to kill Jawed, why did he do it in his left instead of some back alley? Why did he assault him with a pool cue, a weapon of convenience, instead of a gun? Only fear explains it, and only fear explains why Nathan went through with the horror of cutting up the body—because he was sure that if they knew what he had done, Jawed's family would be bound by the rules of honor killing to come after his wife and daughter.

Because no one believed his story, Nathan asked for a lie-detector test and wrote up a list of hundreds of questions he wanted to be asked. In the first round, the polygraph expert asked him three questions:

1. In November 2000, did Jawed say he could set up a meeting with Osama bin Laden?
 2. Did Jawed tell you that he would have supported the terrorist action publicly if it were not for the loss of life?
 3. Did Jawed tell you, on 9/11, that the U.S. was getting a little of its own medicine?
- Nathan answered yes to all the questions, and the polygraph expert says he was telling the truth.
- But Nathan wanted to answer more questions, so his mother paid for another test. This time the most important questions were:
1. Did Jawed threaten the lives of your family that night on October 3, 2001?

incorrect. Nathan did tell police that he said that Jawed had "made some very un-patriotic statements." Nathan told them that Jawed had made 11 attacks. And some of it checks out.

2. Did you strike Jawed several times on the head with a pool cue in order to stop him from killing you?
- Nathan answered yes to both questions. And the polygraph expert says that he did not lie.

So who is Nathan Powell and what was going on in his mind the night he killed Jawed? What? Nathan's mother, Glad, is an ethnic, plus-size woman with blond curly hair. She attends a Baptist church. In 1989, she was a waitress in an ice-cream parlor in New Hampshire when Ralph Powell came in and swept her off her feet, talking about folk music and acrobatics. After scuffling around a bit, they ended up living in New York, New York, where Ralph worked at a typewriter factory and a Day Book summer camp, before landing a job as a librarian. They called themselves "husband and wife" though they never did get married, and Ralph collected thousands of books and theories talked about the big important book he was going to write that would explain everything.

In 1963, Nathan was born, and Ralph taught him to read and



how to play chess. When Nathan was three, Ralph passed Jesse Sogger up a hill so the boy could shake his head. But later he started warning Nathan to be perfect, which meant he wasn't kidding and warning a suit he'd be to school and stopping it. That only talk about becoming an astronaut because that would save us working for the government.

When the couple broke up on the late sixties, Ralph went off to live a quiet and blessed his fathers on the FBI. The one day Nathan went out to play basketball and never came back—it turned out that Ralph had left a plane ticket for Nathan at the airport.

Three years later, Ralph called Got up and said she had to take Nathan back right away—this day, this house, this man.

Gill was mystified. But it's only six weeks before the end of the school year, she said. Why now?

"He's in company in my own house," Ralph said. The only explanation she could get out of him was that Nathan had let us come with him dinner dinner. In a voice she feared her Ralph made a threat: "Either you take him now or I'll get him in reform school at 17:30 in the backyard."

When he got back to school, Nathan went up and lay on his bed. "You know," he said, "my dad really wants me, but he thinks I can get a better education here."

Gill cried then and cried again telling me the story. That's the thing about Nathan, she (continued on page 126)

Robert Evans

What I've Learned

[Movie producer, 72,
Los Angeles]

INTERVIEWED BY GAIL FUGSBMAN // Photograph by Gregg Segal

Caution: Either you're born with 'em or without 'em. Most have done me as much harm as good. They've given me an interesting life. But it's much easier to read about it than to live it. **Someone** once told me that the three most dangerous things in life are your own mouth, someone else's mouth, and a car. Adding a cell phone to the mix can only lead to disaster. **If you're a good-looking guy who often dines and lives a cavalier life, your poem will not wish you success.** **Fuck 'em.** Fuck 'em all!

Background makes background. This goes for movies, it goes for drinking, it goes for living. Here's an example: I'll go to a party and eight different people come over to me and say, "See, he's a great-looking f---," so mean as I get home, I take the f--- off and put it in the freezer. Screw the f---! I'm not there to make the f--- look good. That's the f--- there to make me look good. That's what I mean by background makes background.

The only way you can make a deal is if you're ready to blow it.

Rejection breeds stoicism.

I was forced to use the name Evans. My father had a great dad but his father, his father was a degenerate gambler. Used to go out for lunch and come back a month's salary in his pocket with no money. My father had to quit school and work to support his family. My father said to my brother and I, "Both you boys are going to be very successful. I don't want you to carry on my father's name. If you have success, I want my mother to get the credit." Her name was Rosa. I guess I'm an old-school guy, but I like to look into somebody's eyes.

Never say you win a lawsuit.

Winston Churchill said two things.

The only time I sensed a power of mind was when I had a stroke five years ago. Haven't touched. I was here at home with Mrs. Crown. I'd never met her before, and I wanted to know how she would. I was making a toast, and the champagne flutes dropped out of my hand and I fell to the floor. It was like I was dead. I sensed the stir out of the Room of Secrets. I'm a guy there, and the person who comes to see if I'm dead, and I look up and manage to say the only thing that could be said at that moment. I said to Mrs. "I told you I'm never different again." I was a total genius. Not in pain. I was dying, and I saw the flash of the snakeskin, and I knew I was taking a trip. I woke up five weeks later, looking at the white ceiling, and I thought I'd made heaven. But I wasn't dead. And I wasn't Robert Evans, either. I was Quinton Tarrant. I was totally paralyzed.

Summer Redstone came all the time to visit me. He held my hand and said, "You're gonna make it! I was here to death and now I can walk. And you're gonna make it, too." The doctors told him not to keep coming back because I wasn't going to make it, but he kept dying out. You know what that is? That's not friendship. That's not even loyalty. That's character. That man has character. He's not even my friend.

I was like a dead whale I had the stroke. Right now I feel like I'm only five years old. I go with a beautiful young lady now and I tell her she's too old for me.

Royalty fades but money stays.

I've been shut down, bloodied, trampled, scarred, disarmed, threatened, betrayed, scandalized, maligned. Not that I'm complaining.

If you go by the rules, you end up being an accountant.

Garry Zinnack told me years ago that if he could tell a story in two hours and get people to laugh and cry, he had himself a hit. That's what filmmaking is to me.

I don't kiss and tell. I learned early in life that continual silence is the greatest insurance policy to command respect.

The Cotton Club? I think that was the single biggest mistake of my entire life. I spent six years on it, and I never even went to the opening. It was looked upon as a bomb. And to me it was a bomb. It destroyed my life. Not long after my account got cut as the place unfolded, "I forgot to do something because the IRS is going to take the house." He said, "You got thirty-seven dollars in your pocket." I couldn't even wait Friday night, and the terrible thing about it is that I wasn't even worried. I knew "I'm not going to happen." And I did. That was the first spark. That comes from being in a building and seeing the house come on. I shot it in my pants, but I stayed there.

I should, by all means, be dead. But I'm not dead. I'm five years old. Hey, I can either be five or seventy-two. Being five is the better choice.



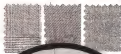
CLOSE-UP The Summer-Weight Suit
Everything you need to know to buy
and wear the season's light wools well

These custom-made boots are available in short (12-1/2"), mid-calf (14-1/2"), and knee-length (18") styles. The leather wing tips (14-1/2") by Salvatore Ferragamo, the knee-high mid-pink gold welt (18-1/2") by



How It's Made

Why should I wear wool in the summer? Ask any smart dresser: The most comfortable fabric is extremely hot or cold is wool, which regulates body temperature. In its thinnest form (called superfine) wool drapes beautifully, breathes easily and stretches, thanks to the natural elasticity of the fibers. Any creases from formal wear will fall out after the suit is removed and hangs, so I say that for cotton or the



A Why is an unlined suit more expensive than a lined one? When there's no lining, any visible seams must be perfectly finished, there's no room for error. It's painstaking and costly, but the jacket will be softer and cooler. Our choice is the partially lined jacket (like the one turned inside-out above). Jacket linings with silk or wool serge plaids make it easy to align the jacket on and off without compromising the cool fabric.



A Why should I have working buttons on my sleeve? Because otherwise it's like getting a Mercedes without power windows. If you're going to get a great suit, then you pay the extra \$150 for five buttons for buttonholes. Trust us.



> How deep should my cuffed trousers break? In general, trousers should be long enough so that it is no point in your gait do your socks show. Cuffed trousers should rest with a slight bend at the top of your shoe.



A. Gu I need shoulder padding in my suit jacket.
(Defensive) Gu: Generally have better suit shoulder (bionic one) or a 3D-fabric and better amount of padding? Diner is appreciative, but the soft-shoulder is cooler, looks more casual, and allows the line to drape more naturally. The structured shoulder slightly pads to look more crisp and add to your stature. So, even though I do need padding, which will make you look like less of a

How It's Worn



A. Should the pocket square match the tie? No! Colors should complement each other, which usually means trial and error or asking the help of some dress aficionado.

How many vents? The single vents fine, but it might split open when you put your hands in your pockets, exposing your back side, which would rather not see. Thank you. With double-vented pants not only do the two flaps correspond with your leg movement, creating a cleaner silhouette to those you look at, but you can put your hands in your pockets, spread the vents, and you're still covering your ass. *Livella*

V



How much of my shirt should be showing at the cuff?
Okay, last time. Allow about half an inch of shirt sleeve to show past your jacket. The length of your sleeve should cover the wrist, and reach just over the root of the thumb. Don't make us tell you again. **5.4**

v

[illegible]

< Pilewood or Flat-front™ with a buckle
suit plants are strongly recommended.
When you cut down the rear and thigh
suspender cut some (gravelled the pants) and
say the what, where they belong. (Plants
are there to accommodate it, does it work if
you wear them on your hips. Coolest.) The
fold should be immediately visible.



► **Two-button or three-button** on your body shape. Two-button is good for the semi-classical man because the cut is slimming and the deep V brings up a tapered torso line. Three-button, which will make it because look boxy, works better for the gentleman who might carry on heavy in a two-button with all the extra structure showing.



< The Man in the Gray Summer Suit ...

[illegible]



(Esquire style)

More than twenty years after Paul Schröder brought '80s modish male pretentiousness and Richard Gere to the nation's attention, *American Gigolo's* slick SoCal style is back >>>

gigolo

(revisited)

Wool blazer
(\$2,995), vest
with (\$1,995), tie-
tuck shirt (\$350),
and silk pajamas
bowl tie (\$75)
by Ralph Lauren
Purple velvet
leather 100-lap
(\$275) by John
Lallo. Hair coat,
suit, and shoes by
Ralph Lauren

>>> In the spirit of the movie, *Esquire* asked Paul Ward to strip away character and showcase the unrestricted suits, soft silk shirts, and luxurious furnishings that were the hallmark of the decadent decade. Photographs by Larry Sultan

"The middle-aged woman kisses Julian and closes the door behind him. He gets into his car and drives off."



Silk shirt and wool trousers by Tom Ford for Gucci. Her robe next today by La Perla. Corsetlike, two-button single-breasted wool suit (shown) by John Varvatos, also shown by Gucci. Silk tie (left), Polo by Ralph Lauren, leather loafers (right) by Dolce & Gabbana.



SCENE [2] INT. RHYMAN BEDROOM—NIGHT

"Julian unbuttons his shirt as he sits next to Judy. Rhymen stands against the wall across the room. Julian speaks softly to Judy, as if they are the only ones in the room. In his mind they are. He is not interested in Rhymen."



FROM TOP: Sweater jacket (\$1,400) and leather belt (\$180) by Salvatore Ferragamo; cotton and linen blend polo shirt (\$145) by Ralph Lauren; and cotton-silk-sweater trousers (part of suit, \$2,600) by Hermès; Linen shirt (\$150) by Cornelio Corbelli; Polo shirt (\$150) by Cornelio Corbelli; cotton sport coat (\$180) and linen trousers (\$180) by Perry Ellis; Three shirt (\$150) by Cornelio Corbelli; Silk tie (\$180) by Ralph Lauren; Cotton sheets (\$180) and cotton pillowcases (\$180) by Calandula Home



JULIAN: You heard anything about the Rhyman killing?
LEON: That's all I've been hearing about. Cops on my ass like white on rice.
JULIAN: I may need your help. I don't have an alibi."

[illegible]

[illegible]

*JULIAN. No, I'm not 'from' anywhere. I'm from this bed. Everything that's worth knowing about me you can learn from letting me make love to you.



This story is just like the dreams that inspired it: lucid, erotic, and not terribly long. One man's quest to control his dreams. BY BUCKY McMAHON

It's night. Tsk-tsk-tsk. I'm walking uphill toward the English department building on the campus of Florida State University. Ahead, beyond a parking lot where a few cars glimmer out of the shadows and across a street lined with tall oaks, stands the redbrick building where I'm due, where I'm late. Like a ghost I've returned to where the girls, attracted by the sexual tension of grad school and teaching freshmen to camp. Oh, at the old academic snafus dream shaping up, all right. And what I expect will be what I got: labyrinthine halls, missing grade books, missing students.

I'm not particularly nervous, though—which is strange—just a traveler along the top of a bleak wall that's getting narrower as it rises higher. Maybe I should've gotten down earlier, so I should've done every tickle or bite. If I'm not careful I'll fall.

On some level, then found—perhaps, look out—I'm going down. Gosh something. There's a tree. A branch that it's just a twig, though, a green stem. It couldn't possibly hold my weight, except that I'm suddenly weightless. Why? Because in this particular nothing, it seems, there's something that is not I. Fall where? Fall how? Impossible, for the moment. I hover on the border of two worlds, trembling perpendicular to an electric breeze of wonder like an explorer's flag. From that other hemisphere of sleep, with its impossible reading, sagging stairs and phantom chimes that never come alive, nothing penetrates but the ring with its spray of leaves that I still clutch against a slight but increasing motion.

And now I remember. I fucking remember! It's not night. It can't be Tsk-tsk-tsk. What I remember is that the one who floats, suspended in an apace of pure recreation, is Doctor Me, a functional model, if you like, a make-up of the self, while the so-called real Me lies on his back, mostly propped by the motor technician of REM sleep, in a single bed on the top island of Haven about four thousand miles from Tsk-tsk-tsk and a decade removed from his last school bell.

I'm in two places at once. And I think I like it.

To be aware that I'm dreaming while I'm dreaming—to impose some control and resist some wishes in the third of my life I spend asleep, compulsively rehabilitating the past and

Photo illustration by Mark Hooper

ADVENTURES IN MY BED

contrast a three-dimensional, purposive, world out of what-
ever the fuck is really out there—and it is here—begins to sub-
side. To fast, 700 apertures. You may feel an electrical tingling,
little bolts of lightning from the command centers in the
human eye as the optical pathways switch. High-end frontal-
centered-dominated thinking disappears—also—often sud-
denly, even to random hypnagogic images and voices begin
to peel away from the preconscious in a sort of aural just
impressionism. The Beatles get the hypnagogic mood just
right with stretches of King Lear and that ominous
“Number nine! Number nine!”

Then, in the borderland between wake and sleep, it
may feel like Mrs. Birling, but responsibility and all flowers
and silken ribbons. However, I’m dreaming—night only supposed
to go to sleep and start over—One, I’m dreaming, two—

It’s night, it’s Tallahassee Then it isn’t. It’s morning. I’ve ever
been before.

And then I remember I fucking remember!

The relief alone is terrific, followed by a wave of triumph.
I’ve broken into the fun house, and this time at the beginning
of REM! Wonders await the psychonaut. Forward into all di-
rections at once. All I have to do is let go. And remember.
Still feeling the action from the other side, I release the
body from sleep and fly, forward, backward into blackness.

Great hope, a little terror—oh it’s a nightmare? Not Good—
an excited trill of racing heartbeats, a disoriented acoustic
explosion, a conviction to panic-fleeing— I land back on
earth, about a black feather apart, headed for the Williams
Building on the campus of Florida State. I’m like the god
damn Terminator.

I’m awake upon Tallahassee, again. Still, I’m elated that I’ve
done it—I broke a hard dream and apparently woke up at night
in Tallahassee fully dressed and on the street. I can’t wait
to tell Stephen Lalliere. I can use him clearly, somewhere in his
theoretical skirt, droning from a gulf of myth, presiding over
a dormitory of sleeping dreamers on the fourth floor of
the English-department building. I see an old friend, Geron Gold-
man, seated on a bench, reading “Mia. I’ve just had an
excellent experience.” I tell him, “You’re involved with reality?”
he says, not surprisingly and sticks out his tongue to dis-
miss it. I argue, as if I’ve been using a Popcycle. Soon as I
get back, I say I’ve got to hurry, meet Stephen Lalliere.

Lalliere emphasizes the role of schemata in the brain’s
modeling of dream locales. Earth, night, a college campus pos-
sessed up the usual suspects: the ground, the sky, a horizon
for perspective, functional structures of some formal digi-
ty. Activate a few memory neurons and it’s a soap bubble
these buildings I can expect, not so will find, school things
offices, classrooms, blackboards, chalk. Yet while the ac-
tuary dreamer’s physical schema in intact, the scenery itself has
been transformed. I’m only anxious to show off to present
myself in triumph, if I can find my way through the lobby
without help.

The Williams Building can be a confusing edifice, espe-
cially if you enter through the basement aquatic center, where
waters in heating coils are performing a bubble-bath-style
water ballet and visitors in lockers carry trays from an ob-
literated buffet. Now wait a minute. Come on. There’s never been

a basement aquatic center in the Williams Building. The floor
of compulsive, automaticity—the floor of no choice, no
reality—always bluffs. The blindness of belief are all up-
held like the scene will what’s around me. Now, wonder at won-
der. I’m conscious of being in a dream again, of being in
a blurry bubble surrounded by other bodies that are also illus-
ory, though they seem real enough, as if I. The rising steam
from the pool, the sound of splashing, the pungency of chlo-
rine, that bouquet table laden with towels and shower hats
and little plastic cups so richly detailed, so pretentious. I step
in front of a mirror. His eyes look slightly as he tries to go around
“Pardon me,” he says. I put his back as he goes by. Perfect
me! Before me, instead of my projected here. I represent the
work we’re doing in class. A woman in a black one-piece is
headed for the pool. I remember her legs but not her chest, her
arms like she is neither surprised nor ashamed. I pull the
strap of her suit down over her shoulders. Her breasts are
beautiful, and Christ—I’m about to come just by haling her.
And while I can’t exactly see how this further the study of
consciousness, the work is irresistibly attractive. I’m a long
break it, a bee with a brain and a hard-on swimming from
flower to flower, and just that’s a nagging notion that to dis-
miss would be like to see out of the dream world. And besides,
I’m due upstairs in the English department office.

Terminator! Wake. Now it seems the office. Walls and cov-
ers appear. He sits there, deals with scholars and faculty
plans, and two middle-aged women in conservative pantsuits
giving me a don’t-it-look-like that. They are, apparently,
the demonstrators of my audience were the dream. Were I a
hard dreamer of some sophistication I might ask what I have
to give to present of this audience permanently lost me, say-
ing, no. I only want to have sex with them also. They are un-
derstanding—they can see my problem—and cooperative, so
I sweep the little snow globes and the daily fair calen-
dar off one of the desks. I grasp the nearest of the two, but
under her pastel blouse I encounter only a sort of hairy nar-
moral. The other stands nearby, worried like a volcano of
fumes, cycling rapidly through a variety of mentally identifi-
able, each more clearly than the last. Before get out of here!

In one of the hallway, “Dreaming and Awakening” dream
sets, we walked over the pros and cons of proving through
dreams what I tried to be impossible. It used to be a much
Lalliere used had a charismatic client who reportedly
dreamed of weeks closing in on him. Lalliere recalled that
the client of lucidity the dreamer could remember to imag-
ine a dog or fly up through the ceiling “that client I never
heard back from him.” Lalliere said, “I can only assume he
was cured. Or crushed.” Remembering this, I decide to pre-
sent it to the English office. The wall is an oddly marked out-
cropping cavity, a body organic in appearance. My arm, so I conceal
it toward the left, doesn’t look so good, after all—dark stains
and phantoms, notched and aged. Someone’s problem
flaps against from my fist, over the ledge and more close-
ly look. Hilarious, Lalliere continued. “The longer you look
at anything, the stronger it becomes. Which is true in waking
consciousness, true to the 66th degree in dream. And as if it’s
normal—enough looking hard I put forth—a canister restoring
model—to insert into the same material flesh of the wall. My
arm slides in to the chamber—very Coenobite—well I

follow with eyes closed

and find myself crawling on my back under
the blue plastic bottom of an above-ground
pool. It becomes a thick layer on mine so that I’m
all but able to burst through, though I have blue
plastic geyser all over my hands. Fortunately,
here’s an outdoor spout under which to rinse
All that has taken place so far has been in a sort
of hazy expanse of unmarked light. At last
I’m outdoors in daylight and feeling better.
Enriched, amazed, but acclimating to the
rhythm of hard dreaming, the start and stop of
belief and disbelief that provides the tension
for events to take place.

Lalliere explains, “Significantly at the onset of
hard dream, there is the danger that too much
focusing about things going on will withdraw at-
tention from the dream and cause a premature
awakening. On the other hand, too little reflection
and you lose lucidity. The key is a balance be-
tween participation and detachment.”

Just to watch this tree in the vast garden.
Clearly it’s little more than a hedge and spire,
not good for climbing. Never mind. A little ways
up, the branches are stouter, well spaced, so easy
to climb. In fact, that’s the top. Now it’s the
Tree—the great forest path of all things
appearing, a towering hardwood a crowned
feet high so high indeed that I’m hanging on in
the creek under a thunderstorm, inside a two-
legged gray clouds that flicker violently as sheets of
hot acid pour down. When the storm subsides, I
can see a patchwork of pine needles far below.
The rain-soaked trunk bulges out about every
foot beneath us, offering a natural landing
spot should I come to being and jump.

Now, strangely, I’m reluctant to do so. I know
I must be held by the fall, but I’m less sure about
the branch, the slight ledge needed to hold a pair
of hairy limbs. I could lose my heart! But man-
aging same old courage. Heads in my sides,
nose pointed, I step, and the branch perfectly
did you expect I was, and even five full feet down,
back arched like a pained perchman. The
wind rips in my ears, rips at my clothes. Ter-
renal violence, it seems as part what the scene
seems intended, for with the steady rising pres-
sure in my ears it lets loose with a torrent of re-
marking imagery scenes of global devastation
followed by deluge, infinite loss dreamings that
are states conscious of the world propitiated in-
tention and elements on the audience’s percep-
tion of complexity. However, dream stream
Rosenstein’s games in here, and I can’t the flying
back monkey who, before dream-awakening
the dream world, intuitively looks off and begins
to cruise on free-precipitated, wonder-powered
flight—through a suburban neighborhood, still
looking for trouble.

The relief
alone
is terrific,
followed
by a
wave of
triumph.
I’ve
broken
into
the fun
house,
and this
time at
the begin-
ning of
REM!
Wonders
await the
psycho-
naut.
Forward
no in all
directions
at once.
All I have
to do
is let go.
And re-
member.

Offer a roadside view—a carefully lit floral
at encounter with a girl’s outfit! turn in the
crowded dining room of a distant sporting
goods store, a dog who offers someone a pre-
sent for flicking my nose—and other scenes
too, blips of subconscious unperceivable to con-
science, before I seem to surrender flight at once,
splashing down in the shallow end of a rather
sloshy hotel pool. Now lucidity. And how can
the world have been from the city, the water
rough who events? They found the exact spot
as a back drop from the recent this night lights,
where I came swimming up, naked in the it
“What are you doing?” she says, holding me
in her hands, smiling playfully, thank God,
though whether this is a rebuke for the acqui-
sition monkey say I have tried to subside in to
the very rigors of an anxious Anna, I can’t
remember the exact point to decide like let me
be on her couch and I gratefully subside there,
chuck on breast at the water’s surface. I know
I’m going, dematerializing. Whether subtle
light curtains of the petrichor have kept the
dream alive, I’m letting go.

And while up. Check the clock. 6:30. Nearly as
how of last REM! I feel as giddy as I do in
Christmas morning. “Wonderful dream!” And
though, in immediate retrospect, I seem to have
faded up to the same way I fack up my wak-
ing life—except for the fact that I was in a hell of a
jump—I can’t wait to tell Stephen Lalliere and
Kerbin and the rest of the dream-awakeners. My first
full-blown hard dream. I didn’t really believe, and
wouldn’t mind if I hadn’t seen it with my own
eyes to report, that such a surprisingly strange brain
state could be so easy to remember.

There’s one more day and night of dream
camp a ridge across a rocky beach. I hear
from Stephen Lalliere—“The first arch free,”
he begins—and follow the sleep interruption pri-
nciple. I seem to believe, and dream, suddenly,
that I’m traveling with my wife and our fam-
ily to a tourist destination, a quiet brick build-
ings community founded by brick dreamers
who are headed from L.A., sort of Amish. “Did
you get the name of the town?” my wife asks.
I have my notebook and pen handy, but no, I can’t
recall the name, the name of the town, which is
written in sharp white hieroglyphics—the
quasi-scientist dream signs.

Now it’s been several hectic weeks, but I still
recall the dream that lasted days afterward. My
hard dream was psychotic, psychodrama-
tic, and eddy enough, more mental and restor-
ative than the usual aesthetic middle. On this
whole, a dream good as far as I can see. I can
my mind and risk a day or two to reverse the
process. I’m going back in. ■



The WAR. On Drugs.

The Pentagon wants to keep soldiers awake indefinitely. For now they're using pills. Soon, they may have something better. BY WILS HYUNSON

In the beginning, there was speed. Cheap speed, Dexedrine, about the same as diet pills. The meds made the soldiers content, too first just made them grind their teeth, but it was all they had, so they ate it and powered through the night. And when carbons complained that it was wrong and dangerous to juice the troops with amphetamines, when news reports criticized the practice, well, nobody paid any mind to that nonsense. A man who has never spent fourteen hours in the main way, who has never had to lead a B-1 on a rough seven-day stint atop the Persian Gulf at 4,000 ft without sleep, a man who has never had to dig his nails into his cheeks to shove off fatigue as the heat of incoming fire, well, that is not a man whose opinion on warfare counts. The men who did count took speed, and they were thankful for it.

But Afghanistan changed the equation. With special Ops leading the charge, longer missions and constant night flight

ing brought soldier fatigue to new heights, and five milligrams of Dex wouldn't cut it anymore. They decided the dose to ten milligrams, but that only deepened the problem. Sure, they stayed awake longer, but they also suffered more headaches because the ampers, the amperes debilitating, sometimes, after a major operation, they couldn't even eat for a day. It was clearly time for a better pill, but nobody knew which one. Until they discovered modafinil.

Maybe you've heard of modafinil. A sleep-awake drug of epic proportions, it has already been approved by the FDA as a treatment for narcolepsy (it's marketed in the U.S. as Provigil), and psychiatrists are also prescribing it for attention deficit disorder and depression. A growing number of cancer patients, over-the-counter have even begun popping the pills surreptitiously. But unlike speed, it doesn't get you high or deliver euphoria, and aside from the increased productivity, it isn't especially fun. It simply keeps you awake.

All of which makes modafinil, at least on the surface, seem like a perfect solution to the problem of soldier fatigue. It's an order of magnitude better than Dexedrine: Two hundred milligrams can not only heighten your alertness level, it can keep it there for forty hours or more. Modafinil isn't a member of the amphetamine family and the side effects are almost nil—a couple good nights of sleep and you're right back on track. To most soldiers, it's about as close to a wonder drug as you can get, and as troop activity surged after 9/11, so did the use of modafinil.

Only a few units would admit to using the stuff, like the head pilots of the Army's 100th Special Ops Aviation Regiment, but others, like the bomber and fighter pilots at the Air Combat Command of the Air Force, sneaked it up behind closed doors. It was the new magic of the Afghan theater—and would rarely become prevalent in Iraq—but nobody particularly wanted to sugarcoat its use to the public. That's because commanders knew there was at least one problem with modafinil: that they didn't fully understand how it worked, or quite why it worked, only that it did work—that somehow, in these quiet moments of a man's life, modafinil went to work against fatigue and modafinil won. Even the drug's U.S. maker, Cephalon Inc., admits as much: "The precise mechanism of action of Provigil is unknown." At the end of the day, the decision was not to use the mysterious pills fell on a soldier's own shoulders, and those who took the pills weren't usually eager to long about it.

But even as modafinil became a soldier's undiscovered modafinil better, someone in one military job were hard to work to find something better. To the soldiers, forty hours of waking

time might have sounded like a lot, but to the men and women of the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), it just wasn't enough. They had a mandate from the Pentagon to find a way to keep soldiers awake for a week or more, and they didn't want to ride the train with additives doing it. They were looking for a more intense kind of fix, something that wouldn't wear off or dissipate. They were looking for genius.

As DARPA notes on its Web site: "The major limiting factor for operational dominance in a conflict is the warfighter."

So at the beginning of last year, the DARPA sleep group initiated a set of bold experiments, separating into teams and studying the physiology of other animal species, searching for clues as to how these species avoid fatigue. One team studied respiratory signals that can vary awake for up to three weeks of flight. Another team studied the female dolphin, which keeps sleeping in remote works after going back. But the most promising experiments came from DARPA's fruit-fly team.

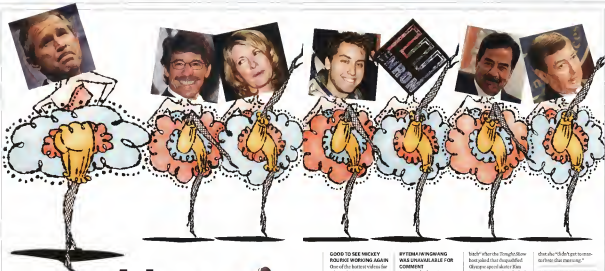
The fruit-fly team had a slight advantage over the others. Scientists had only recently produced the first map of the fruit-fly genome, and after comparing it with the human genome map, they announced that humans and fruit flies share about 60 percent of the same genes. That means that if the DARPA scientists could find a way to modify fruit-fly genes and eliminate the need for sleep, there was a good chance they could do the same thing to humans. So the DARPA team set about tinkering with fruit-fly genetics, hoping that somehow among the countless possible mutations they would stumble upon a sleep gene.

"It was like looking for a needle in a haystack," admits John Currey, director of the DARPA sleep project. "But we found the needle. We did a genetic knockout—basically knocked out elements inside of fruit flies—and we have created a fly that can be sleep deprived for twenty-four hours with no behavioral deficits."

But DARPA is focused on its fruit (or flies) as a potential gene of war, and already scientists there have moved on to mammals. As it happens, the DNA of mice is even more similar to the DNA of humans (there's a 99 percent overlap), so Currey and his team have begun tinkering with the mouse genome, hoping to apply the same kind of genetic fix they found in the fruit fly. After all, with a little luck, they'll move on to primates.

"We've been given a four-year timeline," Currey says. "We should have a sense of whether there's light at the end of the tunnel." We're long on the dark horse. We have strong reasons to believe that the solution to sleep is here." ■

"The capability to operate effectively, without sleep, is no less than a twenty-first-century revolution in military affairs that results in operational dominance across the whole range of potential U.S. military employment."
—From a Defense Department Web site outlining a program to keep soldiers awake and alert for a solid week



Dubious Achievements 2002!

Priests without pants, a killer pretzel, John Ashcroft's nipple problem, Anna Kournikova's nipple problem, Martha's salad problem, Saddam's biceps, feud with Whitney Houston—what a dubious, dubious year it's been. An *Esquire* investigation by Kurt Andersen



GOOD TO SEE MICKEY ROUSE WORKING AGAIN
One of the hottest videos for sale on the Internet is *Bananasplit*, which features real-life people fighting each other and being pushed down on cement stairs in a shopping cart.

HEY, DAD, NO ONE TRIED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIM

California police and actor Rick Norbe was "bleeding" and "completely out of it" when they pulled him over for driving recklessly. Prosecutors wanted Norbe to be under the influence of the date-rage drug GHB

RYTHM FAWNGWANG WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT
In an article about Internet access to the teenage hangout in Seattle, *The New York Times* quoted someone with the surname Rythm as explaining.

WHERE'D MARION BARRY GET FIVE BUCKS?
Police in Washington, D.C., allegedly found five dollars' worth of crack cocaine in the car of former district mayor Marion Barry.

SO THAT'S WHO WATCHES THE TOWNSHIP SHOW
Former South Korean prime minister Kim Jong Il called Jay Leno an "aggravated case of a

brat" when the Tonight Show host joked that disqualifying Olympic speed skater Kim Dong Sang must have kicked a dog, then eaten it.

HE/HY/WHILE VIEWERS COMPLAINED THAT THEY DIDN'T GET SO, STICK THEIR HEADS IN THE OVEN AND PRAY FOR THE SWIFT RELIEF OF DEATH
In the first episode of her E! reality show, Anna Nicole Smith complained

that she "didn't get to experience that meaning."

IN THE EVENT OF AN EARTH QUAKE, YOUR FLASH ATTENDANT WILL SERVE AS A FLOATION DEVICE

The chairman of Reuters announced plans to start a floatation device.

JACKPOT: TWENTY THOUSAND WINNINGS

A woman at Bay Charles lost our chess for the year; ally explained he has been produced by the Billy company.





Believing that accessible water made you vs. always weighed in more than you think, I meant. Dearest, has I suffered so deeply that now you can have a stronger mind faster than you ever thought possible.

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Not here. We're going to kill you! And there are last words!"

One night, I was in bed at Starbuck's with Vicki Shabazz, Inayat's friend at Loma Roche, and the late Rayman Rhymer, who once married one of our sons. For the New Yorker, he had already said he didn't want to talk about the case. "I want to see him executed," he said. "And I don't want to do anything that might undermine that." I turned that warning to know what I thought of Inayat's mood. Used that while he seemed very human, the Afghan American culture seemed depressing and except for forced marriage, the obsession with virginity. Rayman immediately started becoming another a difficult art culture shift, "meaning that it comes back in Afghanistan, the Afghan culture was just fine. No, the jihadism, saying that some women are just like we are, but harp. And I know that they were just wanted to enlighten and understand the culture."

comparisons into Islam theory a negative impression of Africans, but at the same time I couldn't help but realize that in the wrong circumstances at a very dark time. If you were kind of raised there, it might sound like they were defending the Taliban.

At one point I asked what went wrong that first week of filming:

"She kinda had that chest of," Yoda said.

"Don't talk about that," Eric said.

"Who cares we see that Nathan had no

Later that morning in the courtroom came up. I asked Vicki to tell me what happened. No again. Kere shook his head, and the bill clerk

Thelwell expressed no doubt was a cynical optimist, he referred to as "Woody Allen movie and quoted John Lennon, maintaining that he had introduced her to John McVie because he believed in spiritual solutions more than political ones. The other was his daughter, Lucan, 27, from his more complex, but when he introduced Anne to her, he said, "I told her that she was a beautiful girl and that she was a beautiful girl."

"Thank you," he whispered.

"It seems crazy, that you would do this thing."

Accusing the film Stephen Powell made with Jared Wheel, an Afghanistan official nominee for Academy Award recognition in foreign-language film. In April, in Nassau County, New York, Powell will stand trial for the murder of Wheel.

IF YOU PURCHASED A SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS OR ANOTHER MAGAZINE,
THE FOLLOWING PROPOSED CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT
MAY AFFECT YOUR RIGHTS

The announcement is intended to give class members notice under Rule 23 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure and the Order of the Court dated September 25, 2020, as modified on September 30, 2020 that a hearing will be held before the most Honorable Camery Casey on May 17, 2021 at 10:00 a.m. to determine whether (a) to certify the proposed settlement class under Rule 23; (b) the proposed settlement of the Action is fair, reasonable and adequate; (c) a final judgment should be entered dismissing the notice with prejudice to the class members and let to answer class members' resolution for attorney fees and costs.

ADMINISTRATOR: The section below contains information in the form of a general letter. You can obtain a copy of the settlement agreement by contacting the Awarded Class Action Complaint (the "Complaint"), and a list of the registered subscribers of law to the Action, at www.megastore.org or by writing to: The Gordon City Clinic Inc., the Administrator of the Notice Program at Megastore National Inc., P.O. Box 90000, 4000 Motorway NW, 11900-0000 (the "Administrator"). ANY QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS REGARDING THIS NOTICE ON THE SETTLEMENT SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO THE ADMINISTRATOR AT THE ADDRESS LISTED ABOVE OR BY CALLING 1-888-218-0114. PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THE ADMINISTRATOR WITH QUESTIONS REGARDING YOUR CURRENT SUBSCRIPTIONS UNLESS THOSE QUESTIONS RELATE TO THE CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT.

DO NOT CONTACT THE COURT, COUNSEL TO THE PARTIES (NAME OF THE PUBLICATION) OR ANY PUBLISHER REGARDING THIS NOTICE. THE ADMINISTRATOR, WHERE APPROPRIATE, WILL REFER ANY QUESTIONS TO THE APPROPRIATE PERSON.

The Choice Is the Least

The Complaint was filed in Pro Action on or about October 2022 against the Magazine Publishers of America ("MPA"), a business magazine trade association, and fourteen magazine publishing companies (the "Publisher Defendants"). The Complaint alleged, as summarized against the Publisher Defendants and the MPA, to be the maximum price at which defendant should set magazine subscriptions through the enactment of MPA Guidelines. It also alleges the collective action among publishers is adherent to the ADA's 30% rule (has seemed to be a 95% of the Complaint) in the sense that the EPA (seemingly pertaining to its definition of "good insurance") The Complaint also the Court is somewhat or mostly satisfied that EPA and to award damages for allegedly was suffered by consumers who purchased subscriptions to the Publisher Defendants' magazines.

The defendants have denied the initial allegations of the Complaint. The parties have now agreed to settle the matter in its entirety. On September 20, 2008, the Court preliminarily approved the settlement.

Terms of the Presidential Election

In the proposed settlement, the defendants have agreed to do two things: (1) the MPAs shall donate 1% to *entirely* MPA Causeway (4); and (2) the defendants shall satisfy the costs incurred in connection with the Action, including the costs of the Notice program involving notifying class members of the terms and conditions of the proposed settlement and the Payfile's actual attorneys' fees and expenses awarded by the Court up to \$1.1 million.

in exchange, the Plaintiffs have agreed that, if the settlement is approved, the Court will enter a judgment dissolving the class and granting, to the named Plaintiffs and to the class, the relief requested. The Court's order and the terms of the settlement will be subject to the review in this case, and the Court's order will be entered on or within the Agreement in Fully Approved. The Plaintiff Defendants and the MPW shall be completely released, acquitted, satisfaction discharged, held harmless and all claims, demands, actions, suits, causes of action, injuries or damages whether then, hereafter or otherwise in nature that Plaintiffs, the Class Members or each of them, in the or her capacity as a subscriber to a magi store, ever had or now has, in law or equity, under federal or state law, including

any agreement to sell the minimum price of or maximum amount or margins substantially through the enactment of NPA Guidelines (a) under the collection action among publishers to adhere to the ASC's 80% Rule (as referred to in §4) of the Amended Copyright) or the similar Rule of the NPA International performing in its definition of "best situation."

The *Waste* class members class action claims that were previously brought (and subsequently dismissed under prejudice) by a plaintiff in the State Court in San Diego, California, who asserted tort claims against the defendants (trial barred on violations of California state law). The California action was assigned Cooson v. Harsco Corp., et al. No. GIG 152685. A copy of the Cooson Complaint can be obtained at www.mass.gov.

What are the Publisher's Intentions?

The Publisher/Advertisers are: Carfax Inc., Publications, Inc., Green's - John
 Printing and Publishing Company, Hachette Filipacchi Media U.S., Inc. (The
 Hachette Filipacchi Media Group, Inc.), The Hearst Corporation, International Data
 Group, Inc., Meredith Corporation, Newsweek, Inc., Penton, Inc., Reader's
 Digest Association, Inc., Rodale, Inc., Time Inc., TimeMirror, Inc., Time Times
 Square Magazine, Inc., TV Guide, Inc., and Ziff Davis Publishing, Inc.

When is the Best Time?

Glass Members and their parents who purchased a subscription to this publication or its other publications that were published by any of the Publisher Defendants during the period from and including July 1, 1995 to and including July 15, 2002 (the "Class"). For purposes of determining inclusion in the Class, it does not matter whether you purchased your subscription from one of the Publisher Defendants or through agents, subagents or other third party intermediaries. You are not, however, a member of the Class if you did not purchase a magazine subscription within the time period stated above, or if you purchased your insurance only at nonresidence.

Source: *Wirtschaft und Politik in der Bundesrepublik Deutschland*.

You have the right to appear in person or by counsel at the hearing on the proposed settlement in order to comment on or object to the terms of the proposed settlement. It is advisable to make appearances under the second of alternatives listed on page 2 of this consent. However, you will only be heard at that time if you file by May 6, 2002 a 30-day notice with the Court stating your intention to appear and indicating the basis for your objection. It is essential that you indicate the basis for your objection. The basis for your objection must be based on the following: (a) the proposed settlement is not in your best interests; (b) the proposed settlement is not in the best interests of the class; (c) the proposed settlement is not fair, equitable, and reasonable; and (d) some copies of all the notices and all other papers you intend to rely upon by oral or written submission must be filed with the Court. Submit to: Central Ex. Co. General Counsel Central Ex. Co. Fisher 1501 15th Broadway, Suite 1441, New York, NY 10006 and 11 Lacrosse Mountain Ln., Ex. Co. Siegel 11000, New York, NY 10006. If you do not wish to appear, you may file a written statement and 20 same copies of all the notices and all other papers you intend to rely upon by oral or written submission must be filed with the Court. Submit to: Central Ex. Co. General Counsel Central Ex. Co. Fisher 1501 15th Broadway, Suite 1441, New York, NY 10006 and 11 Lacrosse Mountain Ln., Ex. Co. Siegel 11000, New York, NY 10006. If you do not wish to appear, you may file a written statement and 20 same copies of all the notices and all other papers you intend to rely upon by oral or written submission must be filed with the Court. Submit to: Central Ex. Co. General Counsel Central Ex. Co. Fisher 1501 15th Broadway, Suite 1441, New York, NY 10006 and 11 Lacrosse Mountain Ln., Ex. Co. Siegel 11000, New York, NY 10006.

Your Night Is Out of the Settlement

ALTHOUGH YOU ARE THE RIGHT TO APPEAR AT THE HEARING, YOU HAVE NO OBLIGATION TO DO SO. If you do not wish to participate in or be bound by the proposed settlement, you can "exclude yourself" (i.e., "opt out"). To opt out, you MUST send a request for exclusion in an envelope POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN JULY 1, 2003 to the Administrator of the Name Protection Magazine Adversarial Litigation, P.O. Box 2320, 2001 University Way, Niles, Illinois 60057.

The request for exclusion must state you believe the magazine(s) is/are your trademark and the appropriate first part of each subscription and the address to which your responses were sent. If you DO NOT EXCLUDE YOURSELF, you will be bound from proceeding any legal action against the MMA or its members and the Publisher/Defendants to this full extent of the release set forth in the "Terms of the Proposed Settlement" section above.

Identification of themes and findings

For a quick detailed statement of the military involved in the Ashby, including the Complaint, the settlement agreement, motion papers and orders entered at the Court, you may visit the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court, 500 West 51st St., New York, New York, during business hours. Copies of the papers relating to the settlement are also available at www.magazine.org.

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